

## A Great Truth.

How it has spread in Michigan—Muskegon Falls is latest.

The trumpet notes of "The Little Conqueror" have sounded far and near in the triumphal march through Michigan. From the crowded city to the hamlet the echo is resounding, bringing words of hope and good cheer to thousands of sufferers. Public endorsement is its strength, and that is why success follows each advancing step. People are beginning to understand that there is no proof like home proof. Muskegon has produced several such cases as that of Mrs. Chas. Sleigh, and they like to read and know about them, for it means comfort to all. Mrs. Sleigh is a citizen of Muskegon and resides at No. 260 Lake St. She says:

"I could not speak words of praise that would be strong enough to tell what I feel for Doan's Kidney Pills. My trouble seemed to be the result of a severe attack of the grip which I had about four years ago, and it developed into a genuine kidney affliction. During these years I have suffered everything. At times the misery has made me wish I were dead. My back was in a terrible condition. I had spells of such severity that the pain would force me to walk bent over for a whole week. I could not stand up straight. The flesh on my back over the kidneys was sore to the touch, the bladder became affected as well, and I have suffered with it more than tongue can tell. The urine was scanty, and at times would not come at all. There was much inflammation, causing fever and an intense burning and stinging feeling. I was feeling badly when I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, which I procured at Brundage's drug store. They have done great things for me. I now feel like another person. My terrible backache is better, the urine comes naturally, and my strength and nervous system are greatly improved. I shall continue taking Doan's Kidney Pills for some time yet. You can use my endorsement of them; I am glad to give it."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers—price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

### Announcements for School Year 1896-7.

Teachers should carefully note the contents of this circular and preserve it for future use.

#### DATES OF EXAMINATIONS.

Regular, Corunna, August 20th and 21st, 1896.  
Special, Owasco, October 15th and 16th, 1896.  
Regular, Corunna, March 25th and 26th, 1897.  
Special, Owasco, June 17th and 18th, 1897.  
All examinations will begin at 8:30 a. m., standard time.

Applicants for third grades will write upon geography, theory and art and school law the first half day; grammar, physics and psychology the second half day; arithmetic, penmanship and history the third half day and civil government and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first and second grades will write upon geography, theory and art and school law the first half day; grammar, physics, algebra and reading the second half day; arithmetic history and penmanship the third half day, and civil government, physics and orthography the fourth half day. Applicants for first grades will write upon geometry, general history and botany on Saturday.

The above schedule will be strictly followed.

For third grades an average of seventy is required, for second grade an average of seventy-five is required, with not less than seventy in any branch; for first grade an average of eighty-five is required with not less than eighty in any branch.

Applicants shall use legal cap paper and write with pen and ink.

Applicants for first and second grades who pass in part of the branches may re-write at the next examination in the remainder. After failing in two consecutive examinations they must re-write in all branches. Applicants for third grades who fail in part of the branches must re-write in all branches.

CAUTION: Special certificates will be granted only when legally qualified teachers cannot be secured. Persons who wish to teach must attend an examination.

O. L. HARTWELL, Commissioner.  
J. N. CONY, Examiner.  
J. A. THOMPSON, Examiner.  
Corunna, Aug. 7, 1896.

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Will sell your Property.  
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Will look after your Tenants.  
Will find Loans for your Money.  
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Hours 8 to 12 a. m.  
1:30 to 5:30 p. m.

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Office, 211 N. Washington St.

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The only cure for Corns, Blisters, Bunions, etc. The only safe, reliable, and effective cure.

## ROB M'GREGOR.

By MARTHA M'GREGOR WILLIAMS.

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### CHAPTER XII.

"Preaching at early candlelight," the presiding elder had said in giving out the order of services at the close of his Sunday sermon, but it was far past the early dusk before a single minister came. There were three besides Brother Walton. Brother Green, Bethel's incumbent, a poor speaker, but powerful in prayer and unequalled in pastoral labors, was not expected to preach many times. The visitors would do that. Still it was in him that the devout founded their hope for a season of refreshing. Wherever he had been sent theretofore revivals had followed his ministry, the hopeful took heart, the discouraged lifted the head, and even the sinners avowed that Brother Green beyond all others brought home to them their lost estate, yet gave no offense in the bringing.

Niceties of doctrine, you see, were left out of revival preaching. Instead there was Jesus Christ and him crucified, the unsearchable riches of his love, the ineffable pathos of his all-sufficient sacrifice. The heart, not the head, was the point of attack, except on Sunday morning, when the presiding elder preached. A tall man, shrewd, kindly, clear headed enough to rate a state and full enough of love to God and man to bend every energy to their reconciliation, he had raised the standard of the cross as became a leader in the church militant, then gone his way to other fields, secure that it would be strenuously upheld. For besides Brother Green and young Brother Walton there was Brother Milliken, the local licentiate. He was old, so old he bent under his weight of years, yet still so full of zeal and fire he carried his listeners along with him. Almost wholly unlettered, he had yet a rude and simple dignity, a sincere eloquence, that put the schoolmen often to the blush and made their studied art seem poor and mean.

As the ministers came in each made his way to the high box pulpit, knelt a minute in silent prayer, then rose to sit beside his brethren. Brother Walton was to preach, and expectation was on edge, since it had been bruited about that he was not less eloquent than the famous Maflit, of whom the elder members had many memories. Brother Walton was young, very young, for his 27 years. His eyes were childlike in their limpid brilliance. There was suggestion of infancy, too, in his curling silken hair, clipped close to the head, and the flickering rose of his cheek. Out of the pulpit he was but a quiet, well bred

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T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,  
98 Pine Street, New York.

When writing the Doctor, mention this paper.

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#### TRAINS NORTH.

Bay City Express, leaves 9:00 a. m., arrives at Bay City 11:10 a. m. Sleeper, Chicago to Bay City.

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gentleman, singularly so in speech and accent, to whom wandering dogs came of their own accord and frightened children clung by chance he held out a hand to them.

But in the pulpit Walnut Creek had heard what stirred it to the liveliest curiosity concerning him. Yet Teddy Barton said to Jack Talbot as they sat side by side: "I lay, yes, anything you got the min' ter name, ole Br'er Milliken can tie one hand behind him an knock the socks off this yere new fellow. He ain't no slouch, ole Br'er Milliken. Why, sometimes when I been listenin' 'bout er hour ter him preachin' 'bout thar shall be no night thar, neither any mo' weepin, an the Lamb er God wipin'er way all tears from er feller's eyes—why, I'm givin you straight goods when I tell you I've most felt like I wanted ter go ter heaven mys'f."

"That was wonderful," Jack said wearily, with a touch of scorn underneath. As Teddy made to speak again the other silenced him with an imperative look. The opening hymn had been sung. Brother Green had prayed with fervor beyond common. Now Brother Walton stood facing the congregation, his eyes shining with ineffable fire.

He held neither Bible nor hymnbook. Without preface he began to repeat the Twenty-third Psalm, and Jack heard nothing more with any sense of comprehension. It all came back to him—the old happy days, Rob in her little chair at his feet repeating after him the inspired words. He shot a glance at her across the dim lit breadth of the house, then dropped his head upon the back of the bench in front of him, unable longer to endure other gaze.

"My, you're hit early, out then I sorter reckon you been under something like conviction ever since yistiddy," Teddy said in a torturing whisper. Jack did not raise his head, but closed his hand over that of his tormentor in a grip so strong and full of meaning as to silence even Teddy, the irresponsible, though he was aching to add, "Be John Browned ef ever I thought of ole Topmark as er holy missionary, but ef Jack Talbot gits any religion this whet I jest know it oughter be set ter the credit of the sto'."

Brother Walton took his listeners by storm. Inside five minutes the whole house hung upon his lips. Long before he made an end there were bowed heads, shaken forms, all about. He spoke as rarely man spoke, not of law, but of love, of a God who so loved the world he gave his only Son to suffer in its stead and save it from its transgressions. The minister's voice, at first low and clear and faintly tremulous, swelled to the call of a trumpet, the thrill of an organ peal. His face was transfigured. The soul shone through, calling unto other souls through the veil of the flesh.

There was no passion, no ranting. Save that his cheek flamed, his eyes grew twin blue fires, nothing in the outer man spoke the force within. His hearers were spell wrought. Even Jack sat upright, drawn out of his whelming misery, though still too much dominated by it for conscious comfort. Daily he noted that Teddy was writing and meaning: "O God! O God! O God! Mercy! Do have mercy on er lost an dyin sinner! Lord, dear Lord, I know I am er sinner, but it ain't all my fault. Nobody couldn't help ef they clerked in Topmark's sto'."

Miss Winfold sat, with bowed head, sobbing audibly. Nina, at her elbow, was upright and open eyed in the consciousness of salvation already secure. Mrs. Talbot had lost sense of everything, even her stricken favorite, Corintha Payne's face was seraphic; Rob, at her side, a breathing statue, without life save in the eyes. They showed darker than ever and full of smoldering light. Even the minister felt them burn upon his face as he stood pleading so earnestly, so tenderly, that it was for whom Christ suffered and died should not make his suffering of none effect.

His plea was not tedious. Less than half an hour from his uprising he had sunk to his knees, saying, half inaudibly, "Brethren, sisters, let us pray." As with one impulse everybody knelt with him in supplication utterly without words. The summer night stillness was broken only by the shrilling of tree toads, the sibilant clamor of katydids, and, undervailing them, the stamping of many hoofs from the tethered beasts in the grove.

Brother Green got up slowly and began to sing:

"O brothers, will you meet me;  
O brothers, will you meet me;  
O brothers, will you meet me;  
On Canaan's happy shore?"

His voice was harshly strong except in the head register. There it became a clarion, sweet and full of silver. In the rising through a hundred throats caught up the old camp meeting tune and swelled it to a flood. Some of the voices made discord, but it was overborne, washed away, in the sweeping tide of harmony that rang and rolled as though it might reach the stars. Below the reverberant swelling of it the car caught a tempest of sobs, of groans, of heart-broken, penitent exclamations from the crowd of kneeling figures about the altar.

Teddy was among them. He had been indeed the first to answer the call for penitents. He had rushed up the aisle and flung himself prone in the clean straw at Brother Milliken's feet, shrieking out his fear of the wrath to come. Miss Winfold, too, half rose, as though she would go forward, but Nina had plucked her sleeve, saying, with vigorous shakes of the head: "Agh! Agh! Alice, you mustn't do that. You know monner won't like it. It—it'll make you so conspicuous."

Mrs. Talbot gave Nina what she meant for a severe look. In Alice's ear she said, "Do whatever your heart prompts, dear child." But the momentary softness had passed, and Miss Winfold was herself, placid and calculating as ever. She dropped her eyes modestly and said, with a delicate confusion:

"I do love God an want to serve him. Mrs. Talbot, but—maybe it is best to wait a little while longer, you know."

It seems to me one ought to—(to be very sure about anything so solemn.)"

"O co-ee! Look! Look! Teddy! He's professed. Hear him shoutin!" Nina cried, craning her neck for a better view of the altar stir. By this everybody was standing, and at least half the more zealous among Bethel members were up among the penitents, praying, counseling, consoling. They made an indeterminate throng in the open square before the pulpit. Teddy had sprung upright in the middle of it, waving his arms and wildly crying:

"Glory! Glory! God is my Father! I know he loves me, eben me. Glo-ry! Glo-ee-ee!"

"Bless the Lord! Sing his praises, all ye people," Brother Green said from the pulpit steps. Brother Milliken had been kneeling beside Teddy, praying low and earnestly for him. Now he got up and stood, tall and tremulous, beside the rejoicing youth. At the very back of the house Teddy's mother, a thin, discouraged looking woman in shabby weeds, pushed her way into the aisle and made to go to her son. Before she had got half way Nina Winfold flung herself over the pew in front of where she sat, darted up the passway and caught Teddy's hands in her own, her face working, tears raining over it.

Miss Winfold gasped once, then sat suddenly down, limp and livid, so wild was her rage. The stir of Nina's exploit had set those very far back to standing on the benches instead of the floor. Nina was by no means unconscious of the interest she had evoked, though her excited feelings were really beyond control. She was by nature ill balanced, by temperament hysterical. Besides her best girl friend was Sophy Ann Brazzleton, who had got religion at the same time Nina did, yet had been shouting ever since.

Nina meant no longer to be outdone by Sophy Ann's precocious saintliness. Then, too, she was stirred by the sermon, still more by the sight of Teddy among the redeemed. Alice, she knew, would be mad about it, so would her mother, but neither of them would dare take her to task while the revival lasted. They would fear what she might tell to the church folk, especially Mrs. Talbot. And afterward—that was a long way off—no matter what came then, Nina felt that to be the heroine of a night like this paid for very many snubs and much reviling in the bosom of her family.

As Teddy saw her and gripped her hands he shouted louder than ever. A contagious thrill ran through the excited throng. Old Brother Baxter, who had raised the tunes for half a century, struck up in his deepest bass:

"Save! Save! Save, Lord!  
Send converting power down!  
Save, my dear Lord!"

Instantly the simple monochord swelled from every throat. Three more penitents sprang up, shouting aloud in the joy of new hope. Friends and kinsfolk crowded in to embrace them and wring the hands of the Christians about. Other penitents half ran, half fell, up the choked aisle. The air seemed to pulse with electric feeling. Brother Walton prayed without ceasing, now at this bowed head, now at that. Brother Green did not stir from his chosen penitent, a big, rough fellow, who had come to the altar as though dragged by invisible hands.

He was Matt Taylor, the blacksmith, famed the countryside through for strength, skill and wickedness. He had not moved from the spot where he fell rather than knelt upon first reaching the altar. Strong, slow sobs shook him from head to foot. His hand was clinched hard upon that of the minister. Now and again he spoke a thick word of hopeless supplication.

"Lord," came dry and gasping, "I ain't—wuth savin! You know that—you know—everything—an—I had er good—mother! She was good—mighty good! I—ain't never been—no credit ter her—but she said—it was her last word—you loved me—better'n she did. I tried ter ferget—but—it staid with me—it fetched me—here! Lord, save me—ef you choose—ef you don't—like she said! Ef—you don't—I'm lost—world without—end. Save me! Save me! Jesus Christ, save me!"

Amen and amen arose on every hand, though the good people had not heard his halting words. None but the old hearing ear indeed might have disentangled them from the massed confusion of sound about. The blacksmith's wife sat amazed in fear and trembling hope. He was not actively unkind to her when he was sober. That was about one day in seven. The other six she spent in making fair weather for his uncertain temper, and often got blows as a reward of her endeavors. She had been a church member when she married him, but since he had refused steadfastly to give her money for church dues she had kept away from services until she was hardly counted a Methodist.

It had almost taken her breath when he bade her get ready to come with him to Bethel tonight. She did not know how for weeks something Brother Green had said had been ringing in her husband's mind. The minister's horse cast a shoe one Sunday as he was riding past. He had routed out the smith to save the beast from going lame. Matt had boasted ever since he was grown that every minister thereabout was afraid to face him and name religion. Brother Green did not name it, but at parting he said: "Thanky, Matt, for an excellent job. I've heard of you all around here—how well you know your business—yes, and some other things. One is that you never take a dare. Now, I dare you to come and see if I know my trade as well as you do yours."

The near future is big with history. He who would keep posted Eagerly peruses the daily newspaper. Every family should take the Very best in connection with their Ever needful local paper. The News—THE DETROIT EVENING NEWS—Is an indefatigable newsgatherer. Now is the accepted time. Give us your subscription. Nothing gained by waiting. The Evening News—10 cents a week. If you Want further information, Seek it of our agent in your own town.

God in the fullness of his great strength, in the face of all men. If only she might reach him! But how could she move? She sat down limp, half senseless, when some one parted the throng about her, some one slim and light of foot, who took her hand in a warm clasp and led her, unresisting, up to the place of praise.

Somehow way was made for them, and at last the throng parted to let the sobbing woman come face to face with her husband. The next minute she lay against his breast, with his tears raining over her face.

"Thank you, Miss Rob, an help me thank God," he said to her convey. "Men an brethren, hear me tell it. Only God knows what this here pore little creeper has had ter b'ar an suffer for me. Ef ever I mistreats her ag'in, may the good God that has just been shovin me his love fling me back farder an wusser'n ever inter the dark I've lef' behind."

Rob McGregor had firm nerves. She turned from the pair with the first choke in her throat she had known in all that wonderful night.

### CHAPTER XIII.

The revival proved to a sort of spiritual cyclone. Its force was spent early in the week. Though the ministers kept on hopefully until next Sunday, they got few converts after Wednesday night. But the church had been refreshed—all admitted that—though there was head shaking over more than one name among those of the probationers, Teddy Barton's in particular. Such landmark sinners as had escaped the flood of grace even said of his change of heart: "Ef he holds fast ter the promises, the day of meracles ain't past. Let him hear er fiddle er see er foot shake, an you look out! He's plum crazy over dancin, an besides he's such er liar it wouldn't be strange ef he was tryin ter come it that a-way eben over the Lord Almighty."

Mr. Topmark only laughed when he heard such speech. He had other and much more important things upon his mind. Though the letter to Lawyer Howell had been so painstakingly composed, it rested still in the depths of his desk, awaiting, like himself, certain turns of affairs. Rob he had seen only casually and afar off since the great Monday night. For some reason or none he had kept away from her after it. Of course nobody dreamed of connecting his abstinence with the conspicuous presence in the nightly gatherings of Mrs. Annis and her niece from "the Elenoy."

Mr. Topmark was mighty civil to them, tethering their horses and seeing that they were properly mounted, but no one thought more than that it was due to keen commercial instincts. He would do most anything by way of drawing trade, said his world, never dreaming that there was more in his action than appeared upon the surface.

Monday, after the big meeting closed, Mr. Topmark had a particularly bad half hour. It began with him in Mrs. Annis' big room, snug at Magnolia's side, his arm about her waist and her lap full of span new gauds and gewgaws had just come out of his pocket. In return he claimed a kiss and got a stinging slap on the cheek. Magnolia got up and moved a little away, saying as she turned upon him a slow, bovine regard:

"From all I hear an say, I got ter pay high fer all you gimme. I don't want ter go an pay twice."

"Now, I do wonder who could er

"I'll kill you fust," Magnolia cried.

mad," Magnolia drawled. "She is er witch shos. She er knowed me an my forchun same as I done mys'f."

"She knowed the Pickins favor, that's all," Mrs. Annis said sharply.

Mrs. Topmark stood still, upright, his face beaded with clammy sweat, as in a lightning flash he understood. It all came back—the black woman's interruption upon that first night, his wife's strange and sudden end, the black boy's chatter of the "doid man conjure." No doubt the witch woman knew his plan and if she lived would balk it. That was a saving if meantime Miss Macy Mrs. Annis, who was half shouting:

"Ben Topmark, we've done come ter the end er feelin. You got ter do one thing er another—either pay us, an pay us well, ter lay low an keep dark er else pay somebody else ter stand up an fend fer my gal an her rights. Ef you don't—well, it ain't er nice story I can set gwine about them last horses that was stole at McGregor's an what was done with 'em."

"No, no, you shan't. I'll kill you fust!" Magnolia cried, clutching the old woman by the throat. As they swayed back and forth over the rough floor the visitor snatched his hat and rushed away. As he galloped up hill, down dell, his thought ran: "Cuss the old witch! Yes, she knows. It's kill er be killed. I'm er merciful man an just, but—but any man has got ter stand up fer his own self."

Thursday afterward Mrs. Winfold gave a quilting, which it was understood would lead up to a mild evening party. That was the ending of all quiltings there since Miss Alice came to womanhood. But, strange to relate, Teddy Barton was not to come with the other young fellows to the merrymaking. Mr. Topmark had said flat he paid "Teddy fer doin other things than gallivantin round like er gentleman of leisure. I am tired er keepin er dog an then doin his barkin." Teddy had got to stay at the store that night, if no other. Stranger still, Teddy was jubilantly chipper, though he made open and loud lamentation over old Top's sudden meanness. He did not mean to mope. That was one thing certain. "I'll git er lot er fellers all by my lonesome an have fun as is fun."

Rob, of course, was asked to both the quilting and the party. Miss Winfold wrote a honeyed note in her very best sloping hand. Mrs. Winfold said in the bosom of her family: "I jest ached ter leave that little limb out, but it wouldn't do—no, never in the world. Brother would be so mad. He is the biggest fool about that girl; said he couldn't even tell the time of day ef he wasn't lookin up toward Roscoe. May-be, though, she'll have sense enough not to come. She said always she hated quilts and quilting. Of course she no need ter work of come she does, though really a few stitches ain't much ter pay for a mighty good dinner."

Mrs. Winfold had social ambitions like herself, small and narrow. They began and ended indeed in the purposeful desire to get the most and best of all that was going for herself and her



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